

SOME NEW BOOKS.

The Intimate Journals of Count Leo Tolstoy.

Nothing but the express or clearly implied sanction of the author could justify the publication after his death of such a book as *The Journal of Leo Tolstoy, 1895-1899* (Alfred A. Knopf), translated from the Russian by Rose Strunsky, declared in the author's intimate personal friend and countryman V. G. Chertkov. This diary consists largely of a series of disclosures of the writer's innermost processes of thought while many of his views still remained vague and incoherent and had not yet ripened into any well considered and mature conclusions. It seems clear, however, that Count Tolstoy intended that these notes should ultimately be given to the world after revision by his friend, the present editor. His widow, deeming them a gift to the nation, turned them over to the custody of the Moscow House of the Spirit, and Mr. Chertkov has thus far been able to prepare for publication only those portions of which he has copies. These make up the contents of the present volume.

Miss Strunsky, the accomplished translator, declares in her introduction that the meaning of the Russian revolution which took place in March, 1917, can be best understood through the pages of this journal. "The spiritual qualities which make up the mind and personality of Tolstoy are the spiritual qualities which make up the new era among men which is being waged so painfully and so uncompromisingly at the present moment upon the soil of Russia." If this be true no apology is needed for divulging so much mental perturbation as these diaries constantly disclose; but otherwise we should doubt the good taste of the editor in telling so much. Furthermore the journal seems to have been edited on the principle that every crumb which fell from the great man's table should be preserved for the benefit of posterity. In the Paris museum which contains the relics of the Emperor Napoleon some visitors find profound interest in examining the well worn golden toothbrush which belonged to his campaign kit. But surely the reader of Tolstoy's diary life which are scattered through this volume. To be told that he got up late on a particular morning, that he tried to work and fell asleep, that he had a pain in his spinal column, that he dreaded a journey to Moscow and that his health would be good if his back did not ache adds little of importance to the knowledge of mankind and nothing to the gaiety of nations. These passages should have been censored by the editor.

We have in the present volume only four years of a journal which Tolstoy kept for more than sixty years. Miss Strunsky suggests that its very formlessness of phrase helps to elucidate the sincerity of the underlying thought. "Tolstoy himself knew the value of these documents, for one man was to him as another and the sincere gropings of a man's reason toward the understanding of the meaning of life was of value even if they were his own, and especially if they were of one who had lived much and thought much as he did." The reverence for his memory in Russia to-day is shown by the fact that the first act of the March revolution was to redecorate the grave of Tolstoy in the forest of Tass and to make a sacred pilgrimage to his resting place.

To give the style of the journal let us quote one entry, that under date of January 25, 1896, written at Moscow:

"During these two days the chief event was the death of Nagornov. Always new and full of meaning is death. It occurred to me: They represent death in the theatre. Does it produce one-millionth of that impression which the nearness of a real death produces?"

"I continue writing the drama. I have written four acts. All bad. But it is beginning to resemble a real thing."

Other characteristic specimens indicate the physical and mental problems which beset Tolstoy during this period of his life:

"It is now 10 o'clock in the evening. I am going to supper. I want to work very much but am without intellectual energy. A great weakness. I want to work terribly. If I did I would only give it to-morrow."

"All this time I wrote on the Declaration of Faith. I made little progress. Chertkov, Birnkov were here and went away. I have stopped riding the bicycle. I wonder how I could have been so infatuated."

"It is now 2 o'clock. I am going to dinner. I took a walk, slept in the morning, read 'Tribune'. And I want to sleep all the time."

It may be noted incidentally that in a subsequent entry he pronounces "Tribune" poor.

To the general reader the most interesting portions of the journals contained in this volume are the entries relating to the author's own philosophy and his views on religion, art and man.

"There is no Tolstoyism," he declares, "and has never been, nor any teaching of mine. There is only one eternal, general, universal teaching of the truth which for me, for us, is especially clearly expressed in the Gospels. This teaching calls man to the recognition of his sinfulness, to the recognition of his freedom or his slavery (until it what you want); of his freedom from the influence of the world, of his slavery to God, His will. And as soon as man understands this teaching he enters freely into communication with God and he has nothing and no one to ask."

The disciples of Tolstoy, past and present, in Russia and elsewhere, will hardly assent to the modest disclaimer of their teacher and leader. His social creed of unselfishness and love, even for one's enemies, has appealed to all and appeals powerfully to thousands of his countrymen. His methods of carrying it into effect may not always be practicable, but the more his gospel of service is studied and understood the greater will be our respect for his purity of motive and genuine love for his fellow men.

The journals abound with reflections on the difficulty of conceiving the existence of God and the continuance of the life of the spirit after the death of the body. At the same time, Tolstoy constantly urges that a religious change in the soul of the people is the only means by which intelligent Socialists can lift the working man intellectually and physically. "Seek the Kingdom of God and His right," he says, "and the rest will follow you." By so doing, he says, the Kingdom of God is attained, he tells us; yet it is hard to discover just how he would have men obey the precept

which he lays down with so much emphasis. In short, we are left in the dark as to what precisely is the religious faith, by the practice of which the social redemption of mankind may be accomplished. Some biographers of Tolstoy assert that his latest views in substantial accord with modern Unitarianism. This evidently is so much, however, as the Unitarianism of the present day differ so much among themselves.

From 1896 to 1898 Tolstoy was engaged from time to time in writing his book entitled "What is Art?" and this naturally suggested many entries in his diary relative to artistic subjects. The essential of a true work of art in his view is that it shall be comprehensible. "If I don't understand it," he means that the work of art is poor, because it is in making understandable. It is a work of art, he says in another place, the principal thing is the soul of the author; and refinement and power in art he finds are always diametrically opposed. In music Tolstoy's taste seems to have been Unitarianism. He evidently did not admire Beethoven, and he could not at all through a single act of Wagner's "Siegfried." Of this opera he wrote: "It is stupid, unfit for children above 7 years of age, a Punch and Judy show, pretentious, feigned, entirely false and without any real value." It seems that in his home at Yasnaya Polyana the household were once in the habit of playing incessantly on four grand pianos. Recalling this, it became clear to him that "all this—the romances, the poems, the novels, the operas, the things in general, but a self-indulgence of robbers, parasites, who have nothing in common with life; romances, novels about how one falls in love disgustingly; poetry about this or about that one languishes over her or him. And music about the same theme. But life, all life seethes with its own problems of food, distribution, labor, about faith, about the relations of men. It is shameful, nasty. Help me, Father, to serve Thee, by showing up this life, precisely what the parasites and robbers were whom Tolstoy had in mind when he thus wrote it is not easy to perceive.

He was even more severe on modern women than he was on modern music—that is to say, if we judge by his attitude from the contents of these journals alone. The editor, however, cautions us that these entries in reality carry no reflection against all women in general. The manner in which women are treated in the diary may be illustrated by a few quotations. "Women do not consider the demands of reason binding upon themselves, and cannot progress according to them. They haven't got this skill spread. They row without a rudder." Still further on he says: "Why do I stay away from the theatre? As a painter so much as after an actor and especially after a musician. Music calls forth a direct physical effect, sometimes acute, sometimes chronic." In another place he remembers that he had heard of something very good concerning women's character, but is unable to recall it further than to say: "It seems to me it was that the peculiarity of woman's character is that her feeling alone guides her life and that reason only comes in after the fact, and that reason only understands that feeling can be made subservient to reason." Finally we find this: "Woman—and the legends say it also—is the tool of the devil. She is generally stupid, but the devil lends her his brain when she is in a bad mood. A few lines further Tolstoy adds: "Oh, how I would like to show to women all the significance of a chaste woman. A chaste woman (not in vain is the legend of Mary) will save the world. We cannot attempt to understand the inconceivable which these quotations reveal.

The notes to the text, by Mr. V. G. Chertkov, add greatly to the interest of the book. They are abundant—covering eighty-four pages—and so far as we are able to judge absolutely accurate. Some of them are hardly needed; thus, a reader of Tolstoy's journal scarcely requires to be told that Goethe was a German poet and Kant a German philosopher. It is preferable, however, that the notes to such a publication should be too full than too scanty.

As mentioned by Tolstoy whose identity might be unknown to the reader unless he were enlightened by Mr. Chertkov's notes, as, for example, Ernest H. Crosby, son of Chancellor Howard Crosby of the New York University, one of the most promising young lawyers of his time, who became a follower of Tolstoy abroad, read Bolton Hall, son of the eminent Irish divine, Rev. John Hall, minister of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, a translator of one of Tolstoy's works.

With the aid of the notes and an excellent index at all interested in Tolstoy will find this volume a most valuable contribution to his knowledge of the greatest character in modern Russian literature.

The political economists have passed a Law of Diminishing Returns, but from its operation one business stands exempt, the business conducted by WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE, compiler of critical anthologies of verse. From his factory comes, in addition to the *Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1916* (Alfred A. Knopf), the *Poetic Year for 1916* (Small, Maynard and Company). Mr. Braithwaite's mills grind steadily, and they grind fine. We shall not say that he reduces poetry to a pulp, but there will be captious critics to say that with the materials he had to work on the result had to be a mass and factious offenders to retort, Better that than dry. And Mr. Braithwaite and the poets who work for him really are interesting.

These anthologies began in 1914. Therefore they constitute a record of America's progress in poetry during the last two years. That, of course, given them a special "interest" in addition to the one that would have adhered to them in any series of years less extraordinary. There is much speculation about the effect the war will have upon American poetry, and it is not unlikely that for a small part of unfavorable criticism of twentieth century America rests really upon matters more than upon fundamental qualities.

What we observe about American poetry is that it is being sifted. The light stuff is moving fast down the wind of opinion to its proper oblivion. What remains is substantial. It has a purpose, and strives both earnestly and intelligently to achieve it. The result is not Longfellow or Whittier, not even the best of the latter. It is, as the fresh exorcismes are lopped off by time's gnawing tooth, a

pretty fit expression—so far as poetry can be a fit expression—of American ideas and ideals of this time.

The scheme of "The Poetic Year" is interesting, too. We have had a great deal of criticism of poetry, in late years, that has been a mere rattling of dry bones. To Mr. Braithwaite credit must be given for dressing his criticism in garments of originality. They are pagan garments. The critic and his three friends, whom he names Jason, Cassandra and Psyche, spent brilliant days in symposium under the trees in a pleasant region "north of Boston." Here they take up, one by one, the poets of the year. The first run high; a soulful feast.

It is not an elaborate or difficult scheme. On the other hand, we do not believe many who have enough interest in the subject to prompt them to take up the volume will find it anywhere tedious. There is something of it. Mr. Mable Eddy, and something of the James Russell Lowell idea as it appears in "Conversations on Old Poets." But the quality is much nearer to Mable than to Lowell. Some folks, no doubt, prefer Mable to Lowell. They will be Braithwaite's best friends.

A Dutchess County Farm.

Though it is only the story of an up-State homestead that CHARLES E. BURROUGHS relates in *Troutbeck* (Dutchess County History Society, N. Y.), he has unconsciously turned it into a delightful idyl that presents a side of American life familiar to elderly people, but so obvious that nobody has thought of describing it before in just this way. The author is encouraged by the fact that the venerable John Burroughs, who has known and loved the farm for many years and thinks it a place as there is in the United States. It lies in the town of Amenia, in a strip that Connecticut yielded to New York in the early days of the Union.

The farm had been in the possession of the Benton family for over a hundred years when it changed hands a few years ago. Apparently only gentle people wandered into the valley, which was very little history. From the Indians, who stayed away, no notable tales of the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his house, four wheeled cart, then hired a sloop and sailed up the sound, around Manhattan and up the North River to Poughkeepsie; from there the journey was made by wagon. That pioneer journey was a long one, and such a journey was not to be made by the Dutch and the Hudson Valley, then a few Palatines and Huguenots. After the Revolution the author's grandfather, Caleb Benton, descended from an ancient settler of Guilford, Conn., made his way there. He built his